Providence, June 19, 1836.

My dear brother Mary:

2d

I congratulate you that you did not come down with us yesterday, as I have some regard for your personal comfort, and presume you have also: if not, why then no matter if you are doomed to be (as we were) about eight hours in performing a journey of 29 miles, in a crowded coach, accompanied by a thunder-storm, the atmosphere dense and lifeless. The driver must be either a very indolent man, not caring much for the comfort or wishes of his passengers, — or, a very merciful man, rejoicing only when his horses walk slowly, or come to a stand-still. Luckily, he is only per turn. One of our passengers endeavored to show his team how they ought to travel, and accordingly took the lead, which he kept a long distance, up hill and down hill and on a dead level, picking and eating strawberries by the way. We came up with him at last, owing to his condescension, frankly acknowledging that our four horses were no match for his two legs.

We were all fatigued enough, on and before our arrival. The road is one which familiarity cannot make tolerable. It is as formidable now as it was the first day I travelled upon it. If pugnacious men, who are fond of showing their skill in fist and strength in pitched battle with each other, would only combine to hurl down some of the hills, and elevate some of the vallies, between Brooklyn and Providence, they would be much more usefully employed — don't you think so? As they fail to do as well for themselves and for others as they probably would under our control, suppose — after the fashion of slaveholders — that we enslave them, with all disinterestedness, charity and tenderness? But, no — if men will abuse the freedom which God allows them, it is no reason why other men should destroy that liberty: for, be it remembered, its abuse is at all times a less evil than its destruction.

Little George Thompson was quiet, curious and sleepy most of the time — crying but little, but perspiring so freely that when he arrived, he was "wringing wet." I was fearful that he would be a severe sufferer; but he seems very well to-day, and I hope has taken no serious cold.

Helen, and Catharine, and little Anna, complain of fatigue, but this will not hurt them.

I had a short interview with Bro. George this morning. He informed me that the last accounts from Troy were, that the mobocratic spirit was still rampant in that city — that Wild had been stoned, and wounded in the leg, but could not be persuaded to leave for Newport — that Ray Potter had been sent to Troy to induce him to come, and would have succeeded if the mob had not been so violent — that Stanton has returned, and says it is probable that Phelps will be at Newport — that Stanton and Wm. Chace went to Boston yesterday, to persuade Sewall or Loring to attend, as it is deemed proper we should have a sound abolition lawyer present — that Goodell, Gerrit Smith, and Prof. Follen have been written to to be at Newport, but no answer has been received from them, nor is it expected that they will attend, either one or all. Bro. George wishes me to add, that the Committee are desirous you should come, and will most gladly defray all your expenses. They would have written to you again on Friday, but felt unwilling to urge you overmuch, as you had just returned to Brooklyn. I hope, now, you will come. We are not to have a hearing before the legislative committee until Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock; so that you need not leave Brooklyn until Tuesday afternoon in the stage — or Wednesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, we will go down in the steam-boat together. It is thought that, as Ben. Hazard is a Unitarian, and very zealous in getting up a Unitarian church in Newport, you might be more acceptable to him than some others. Should you come, I wish you would bring your two bound volumes of anti-slavery tracts and

pamphlets. Hazard will probably reply to us on the spot, and is now very busily engaged in examining all our anti-slavery documents to hunt up treason, and he thinks he shall put us down irremediably! Dorr, the Chairman, is very much for us, says we shall be fully heard, and is anxious we should bring forward our ablest men and do our best. An excellent reporter is engaged from New-York, and the daily journals in this city have solicited leave to publish our doings, speeches, &c. as fast as we proceed. This, then, is the time to strike a blow, and a heavy one, for liberty and justice. If you come, you can return on Friday forenoon, and thus be absent rather less than three days.

This afternoon, I went to hear the Rev. Mr. Farley preach. His sermon was for a special bereavement that had taken place in his congregation. His text, however, "Our Father, which art in heaven," had little connexion with his discourse. Some things he said I liked very well — but there was lack of discrimination as a whole.

It is very warm to-day — but, assuring you that my affection for you is more ardent than the weather, I remain, in the bonds of christian amity,

Yours, truly,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

N. B. My best regards to Mrs. May — kisses for the babes.

MS.A.1.1.2.26

Single.

Rev. Samel J. May,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.

Phila. Female Anti-Slavery Society
June 19 36